

Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1921.

NUMBER 4

Trains Change Time.

Several important changes in the arrival of trains in Lebanon will become effective today, and it will be well for the public to note carefully and bear in mind the changes.

No. 27, the Richmond accommodation, which is now due there from Louisville at 9:02 in the morning will, beginning next Tuesday be due at Lebanon at 10:15, an hour and thirteen minutes later. Returning to Louisville in the afternoon this train will reach Lebanon at 4:42 o'clock, just one hour later than it is now due at Lebanon. It will leave Louisville in the morning at 7:45 and arrive there in the evening at 7:15 instead of 6:20 as at present.

No. 23, the fast Southbound train, which is now due at Lebanon at 10:06 a. m., will leave Louisville at 6:30 and arrive at Lebanon at 8:14 a. m., nearly two hours earlier than at present.

No. 47, the mixed train to Greensburg, will leave at 10:20 a. m., instead of 10:30, and returning in the afternoon will reach Lebanon at 4:20 p. m., in time to make connection with the Richmond train for Louisville. The train from Greensburg is now due at 5 o'clock.

The change in the time of the fast Southbound train is being made, it is said, in order to better the connections at Jacksonville, Fla.

For Sale.

I have one Kurtzman piano which I will sell at a bargain, if taken at once.

Sam Lewis.

Death of John R. Beard.

Mr. John R. Beard, who was a prominent citizen of the Eunice precinct, died early Tuesday morning of last week. He was about sixty-five years old and had been thrifty in farming and other business since he reached his majority. He was a man for whom the people in the neighborhood where he lived had the utmost respect, and he will be greatly missed. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. J. S. Breeding, this place, and often visited Columbia. He was a victim of obstruction of the bowels and was sick about forty-eight hours.

His wife died several years ago, but he leaves several children, and every body who knew their father feel the deepest sympathy for them.

The funeral services were held at Tabernacle Church, a large circle of relatives and friends being present.

I will serve special Thanksgiving dinner. Notify me before if you are coming. Price 75 cents.

Mrs. J. G. Eubank.

Grand and Petit Juries.

The following gentlemen make up the Juries for the present term of court:

GRAND JURY

J. A. Schuler, foreman; F. J. Hardwick, J. M. Turner, Harvey Lewis, W. K. Akin, J. P. Coffey, Ben Coffey, Ed Luttrell, S. R. Lee, W. H. Rose, R. L. Sneed, M. T. Gabbert.

PETIT JURY

Melvin James, L. C. Hindman, J. Z. Pickett, John Claywell, S. A. Coomer, Steve Kniffey, Haden England, G. W. Parson, W. T. Dickerson, L. W. Taber, Rollin Keltner, J. M. Woodrum, W. H. Burress, T. F. Melson, Y. E. Hurt, J. W. Foster, Oscar Hardwick, John Thurman, J. M. Burton, T. O. Keltner, J. H. Franklin, A. B. Corbin, A. B. Cox, H. Bottom, T. A. Bryant, Curt Yarberry, J. B. Coffey, T. A. Firkin, L. G. McClister, W. G. Shepherd.

For Sale.

An 6 room house with a two acre lot. This is a desirable piece of property and just outside the town limits. Also 45 acre tract of land 1 1/2 miles of town, in Graded School district. 5 room house, good barn and all under wire fence. Prices right for a quick sale.

L. H. Jones.

Chicago Opera Company to Be Heard in Columbia.

Through the efforts of Mr. L. E. Young, the music lovers of the town of Columbia will be able to hear some real music. Anyone that is familiar with classical music will connect the name of Mary Garden with real music. Mr. Yyoung has practically made arrangements to hear this great company of which Miss Garden is the director.

In a special message from Mr. Williams he informs us that the plant will be in operation not later than Nov. 18th, there having been some delay in getting some parts of the Apparatus from the factory.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

A Card.

I want to express my gratitude to the voters of Adair county, who stood by, worked and voted for me in the recent election. I made a clean race, and was only defeated in this large Republican county by 14 votes. There are no sore spots on me, and some time in the future, I may ask the good people of Adair county to honor me.

Again, thanking one and all I am

Very truly,

Evan Akin.

Notice.

The tax books are now completed and I am ready to receive your taxes. Come in at once and settle. The sooner this is done, the better for all concerned.

Cortez Sanders,
Sheriff, Adair County.

51-1f

NOTICE.

We are now ready to issue dog tax License and collect your dog tax for the year 1922. Please call and settle before January 1st, 1922, as the law directs.

Respt.,
S. C. Neat, Clerk, A. C. C.

Matty Cowan Dead.

The subject of this notice died near Vester last Wednesday, a victim of pulmonary trouble. He was about forty-five years old and was well known about Columbia. He was confined several months before his demise. He was a man who had many friends and he will be missed in the neighborhood. He leaves a family.

Sheet Iron Stoves.

I have on hand the following sizes in stoves at my shop 22 inches \$3.75 24 inches \$4.00, 26 inches \$4.30. All of the stoves have large doors, and are hand made from extra heavy iron.

Edwin Cravens.

Thanksgiving.

Thursday, the 24th inst., Thanksgiving services will be held in the Christian church and Rev. R. V. Bennett will deliver the discourse. Business men of Columbia are requested to close their stores and attend.

Born, to the wife of J. C. Holladay, Nov. 10, 1921, a daughter. Mother and baby doing well.

The Official Count.

The following is the vote of Adair county in races contested.

COUNTY JUDGE

C. G. Jeffries, Ind. 2,526
W. S. Sinclair, Rep. 2,476

Maj. 50

SHERIFF

Geo. Coffey Rep. 2,643
Evin Akin, Dem. 2,635

Maj. 13

COUNTY ATTORNEY.

Gordon Montgomery, Dem. 2,829
W. A. Coffey Rep. 2,515

Maj. 314

CIRCUIT CLERK.

C. F. Paxton, Dem. 2,645
M. C. Winfrey Rep. 2,639

Maj. 6

REPRESENTATIVE.

Morrish Rep. 2,787
Loy, Dem. 2,380

Maj. 407

Mr. Loy carried Taylor county by something like 250 votes, but the vote of Adair county defeated him.

Mr. Cortez Sanders, by virtue of his office, is one of the Commissioners, but he had to leave town Monday, and the certificates of election will be issued to-day.

The other Republican candidates in Adair county had no opposition.

Public Sale.

On Saturday, Nov. 19, I will sell all my household and kitchen furniture at public auction, at the G. O. Grisom house in the Tutt addition. Sale to begin at 1:30.

J. H. Hoy.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend to our friends our heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown us during the sickness and death and burial of our dear daughter, Sylvia Mae, who died at Danville, Ill., and especially to our Kentucky friends and neighbors for kindness and beautiful flowers. These favors will never be forgotten.

Sincerely,

E. P. Bryant and family.

Type Writer Ribbons.

We have type-writer ribbons for sale, the Oliver, Remington and Smith Premier. Call while they last.

Town Trustees.

The following gentlemen were elected trustees for the town of Columbia. They will be sworn in the first of January:

Albin Murray
Bruce Montgomery
E. B. Barger,
Jerome Hurt
T. A. Firquin.

Basket Ball Wednesday night at C. H. S. Gym. Jamestown vs Columbia Athletics.

Married.

Last Saturday afternoon in the parlors of the Jeffries Hotel, by Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith, Miss Willie Wood to Mr. A. H. Roach. Mr. Roach is one of Adair county's best young men and the bride a most excellent young lady.

Ladies' Hats.

Nice line of up-to-date ladies hats at our store which will be sold at actual cost. Call at once. They are going.

Blair & Ellis, Garlin, Ky.

24c

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Crandall, died last Tuesday night and was buried Thursday. It was only a few days old. Mr. Crandall was in the South and could not get here.

PEPTO-MANGAN

KEEPS BLOOD PURE

Growing Children Need Plenty of Red Cells in Blood.

When the young body is growing, children frequently experience weakness. Girls and boys sometimes play too hard and over-tax their systems. They become pale, weak, and sickly. They lose their appetites, become languid, and are not able to make progress in school work. "Growing too fast" is often true. It is most important to keep the blood of growing girls and boys in a healthy state.

Pepto-Mangan keeps the blood pure. The red cells in the blood are increased. They carry life-giving oxygen to all parts of the body, and wholesome youthfulness blooms again in clear complexion, bright eyes and buoyant spirits. Sold both in liquid and tablet form by druggists everywhere. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on the package.—Advertisement.

Mary Garden's Company To Be Heard by Radio During Coming Season.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—Operas produced by the Chicago Opera Company during the ten weeks' season starting next Monday night will be transmitted by wireless telephone to all wireless stations within a radius of 1,000 miles that care to "listen in." Mary Garden, general director of the company, announced to-day.

Notice.

We will, for the next 30 days, sell at net cost dry goods, notions, Ladies and men's hats, Shoes and Rubbers.

Blair & Ellis, Garlin, Ky.

44c

The basket ball game, played at this place, last Friday night, between the old Town Team and Jamestown, was witnessed by a large audience, and it was very exciting from start. It terminated, Jamestown, 33 and the Town Team, 23. Jamestown had some swift players. The two clubs will meet again Wednesday night at the C. H. S. Gym. Every body should see these same clubs meet again.

I have sold my stock of goods. Please come and settle your account.

Albin Murray.

Two weeks ago we stated that Columbia would become a Radio Station, and it would now be in operation were it not for the fact that Mr. Cyrus Williams' father, Mr. Luther Williams, was taken quite sick at his home, Cave City. He is now much better, and the operator is expected here this week.

The two Bell boys, Claud and John, and a colored boy, Lewis Cooper, all charged with house breaking were convicted at this term of court, Claud Bell was given 4 years in the penitentiary, John three and one half years, and Cooper three years. The Sheriff will leave with them in a few days.

Circuit court opened last Wednesday afternoon and business was dispatched rapidly the remainder of the week. Judge Carter will probably be occupied the remainder of this week. He delivered strong instructions to the grand jury. Mr. A. A. Huddleston, State's Attorney, has a watchful eye on all evil doers.

Everything points to the opening of a city court in the town of Columbia in a very short time. We understand that the Municipal Board will appoint a Town Marshal at its next meeting. By that time Judge Cravens will have his commission from the Governor.

It is the wish of every body in Adair county that the men who were elected last Tuesday, Democrats and Republicans, will make diligent and fearless officers.

A part of the Lindsey-Wilson aggregation who went to Campbellsville Saturday, spent several hours very disagreeably two miles this side of C-ville on their return. Their automobile broke down and it took a time to repair it, the weather being very cold.

The Lindsey-Wilson boys were defeated at Campbellsville last Saturday night in a basket ball game. The score was 28 to 18. The C-ville team was too heavy for the Lindsey boys. Several young ladies from the institution here witnessed the game.

Rev. Pat Davis, a noted evangelist in the Methodist Church, located in Louisville, a native of Adair county, closed a very successful revival at Jamestown last Wednesday night. There were twenty additions and the Church greatly revived.

The people have spoken and the defeated candidates should go right along with their business as though nothing had occurred. There is nothing to be gained by sulking, and we have not heard of any kicking.

Mr. B. E. Wilson has purchased the Jo Thompson residence, in the Tutt addition, and will remove his family to it this week. Mr. Thompson has removed to the James Holladay farm, on Russell's creek.

Richard Dohoney sold Phelps Bros., last Thursday, fourteen head of fat cattle at 5 cents. John C. W. T., Bascom Dohoney and Wm. Browning sold the same party 7 head at same price.

Mr. Luther Brockman, of Russell Springs, was in Columbia last Saturday, but he was walking with great difficulty. He fell from a scaffold a few days ago, spraining one of his ankles.

Union Bank of Stittton, Ky., which C. L. Hurt, of Adair county, is the very efficient Assistant cashier, makes a very gratifying statement. It shows on deposit, \$447,064.14. Surplus, \$7,000.

Wanted.

GREY FOXES. . . \$2.50 Each.
W. S. Hodgen,
Campbellsville, Ky.

The boys are having fine sport catching opossums. Sanford Strange and Barksdale Hamlett know exactly where to find them. They have a good dog, and the rest is easily done.

Mr. M. Cravens, who was elected City Judge of the town of Columbia last Tuesday, has applied to the Governor for a commission to begin serving before the first of January.

Rev. Alexander Gross, the new pastor of the Presbyterian Church delivered two interesting sermons last Sunday forenoon and evening. The evening sermon was exceptionally good.

Sam Burdette will have a big mule sale at Burkesville Monday, November 28th. People in Cumberland county, who are in need of mules, should attend this sale.

Armistice day was observed here by this office and a number of other places in town. It was the day that the great world war closed three years ago.

H. B. Morgan and Hazel M. Bradshaw, John H. Estes and Cora Bryant procured licenses to marry the latter part of last week.

Mr. Tim B. Cravens, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cravens, this place, was re-elected Mayor of Tompkinsville by a good majority.

To observe Armistice Day is a mark of patriotism that should prevail in the bosom of every American citizen.

Slight snow fell here last Friday night about 11 o'clock.

See change in Wood Lewis' advertisement.

It took three cars to bring the bird husters from the depot to this place. This is the day the season opens.

PERSONAL

Dr. Elam Harris, wife and son, Charles, of Danville, Mr. G. W. Harris, of Russell Springs were here last Friday, overseeing the placing of tombstones to the grave of Dr. Harris' mother.

Mr. Henry Mullinix was called to Burkesville last week, to see his father, who was quite sick. He left him much better.

Mr. W. E. Morgan, of Waterview, Cumberland county, was here, mingling with his numerous friends during the first days of circuit court.

Mrs. W. A. Coffey contracted a cold, on her return from Illinois, and has not been feeling very well for the last week.

Mr. T. W. Spindle, a retired lawyer of Louisville, is spending a few weeks with Mr. R. W. Shirley, Milltown.

Dr. O. P. Miller and wife have gone to Evansville, Ind., where the former will practice his profession.

Messrs. Geo. H. Nell, W. E. Harris and Guy Nell went to Somerset last week on special business.

Mr. R. L. Durham, an enthusiastic Democrat, came down from Purdy to hear the returns.

Mrs. Joe Young, of Cumberland county, is visiting at the home of her son, Mr. L. M. Young.

Mrs. C. M. Russell and daughter Miss Catherine, have returned from Bowling Green.

Mr. W. H. Middleton and Mr. W. M. Hays, Hodgenville, were here last Tuesday.

Mr. R. H. Humphreys, Bardstown, made a business trip to Columbia last week.

Mr. Leslie Graves, Campbellsville, was here, taking orders, last Thursday.

Mr. Sam Lewis was in Louisville and other points in the State last week.

Messrs. J. T. Collins and J. H. Coe, Campbellsville, were here a few days ago.

Mr. A. H. Burch, Bowling Green, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. W. Robinson, Frankfort, made a business call to Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. Geo. Renfro, Louisville, made a business trip to Columbia last Wednesday.

Mr. J. O. Russell's condition has changed but little since our report last week.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock, called so see the Columbia grocermen last week.

Mr. W. B. Hamilton, Hodgenville, was the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. E. H. Black, Franklin, Ky., was in Columbia a few days since.

Miss Thelma Sue Grissom, who has been very sick, is improving.

Miss Willie Rosenbaum has been quite sick for a week.

Mr. Paul Waggener, of Louisville, is in town.

For Sale.

My lot in Columbia containing a little over 3 acres with outbuildings. This lot fronts on Burkesville Street near the Graded School and runs through and fronts on Tutt Avenue also. I will be at Columbia for two or three days.

Paul H. Waggener.

Died in Burkesville.

Mr. E. F. Mullinix, a former resident of this place, died in Burkesville last Monday night. He was eighty-one years old and a splendid citizen. His remains are expected to reach Columbia to-day, and the interment will be in the city cemetery. He was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, this place, and highly respected by all who knew him. It is likely that his biography will be published later in this paper.

A Man To His Mate

By
J. ALLEN DUNN

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Littering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a blind man, a giant in size, who asks Rainey to lead him to the sailing schooner Karluk. The blind man tells Rainey he is an old shipmate of Captain Simms of the Karluk and desires to make his visit a surprise. He asks Rainey to lead him aboard, and Rainey does so. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind on an ice floe, and denounces him for what he calls his ingratitude. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician, drugs Rainey.

CHAPTER II.—Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnapped because, having learned the object of the expedition, he might have divulged it and frustrated the plans of the voyagers. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey, seeing nothing else to be done, declares himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership," Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes."

CHAPTER III.—Rainey, having a slight knowledge of seamanship, is made second mate of the vessel. Captain Simms is in exceedingly poor health, and the navigation of the ship is entirely in the hands of Doctor Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is arranged between the "hunters" aboard, the vessel being ostensibly on a sealing expedition. Lund, although blind, demonstrates he can shoot "by sound." The hunters having emptied their revolvers, Carlsen tells them there are no more shells on board.

CHAPTER IV.—Watching the pursuit of a whale by its natural enemies, the vessel is mishandled and narrowly escapes disaster. In the confusion the ship's boy, Sandy, is swept overboard. Rainey rescues him, earning his gratitude and incidentally the admiration of Peggy. The captain's illness seems about to have a fatal ending.

CHAPTER V.—Lund mistrusts the hunters and urges Rainey to "pump" Sandy and gain a knowledge of their plans. Sandy tells him Carlsen is creating a feeling that all on board, with the exception of Sandy and the Japanese cook, Tamada, should have an equal share of the gold, which was not the original plan. Rainey and Carlsen quarrel and the latter draws a revolver. Rainey overpowers him. Lund is of opinion that Carlsen is keeping the captain ill and is playing to secure the gold, and incidentally Peggy, for himself. Tamada, evidently a Japanese of education and far above the position of cook on such a vessel as the Karluk, is an unknown quantity.

Simultaneously the girl and Lund appeared.

"Gun-play?" rumbled the giant.

"That'll be you, Carlsen! You're too fond of shooting off that gat of yores."

Rainey had stepped back at the girl's exclamation. Carlsen recovered his gun and put it away, while Peggy Simms advanced with blazing eyes.

"You coward!" she said. "If I had thought—oh!"

She made a gesture of utter loathing, at which Carlsen sneered.

"I'll show you whether I'm a coward or not, my lady," he said, "before I get through with all of you. And I'll tell you one thing: The captain's life is in my hands. And he and I are the only navigators aboard this vessel, except a fool of a blind man," he added, as he strode to the door of Simms' cabin, turned to look at them, laughed deliberately in their faces and shut the door on them.

"Well?" asked Lund, "what are you going to do about it, Rainey? Stick with me, or line up with the rest of 'em, work yore passage, an' thank 'em for nothing when they divvy the stuff an' leave you out?"

"You haven't said outright what you are going to do yourself," replied Rainey. "As for me, I seem to be between the devil and the deep sea. Carlsen has got some plan to outwit the men. It's inconceivable that he'll be willing to give them equal shares. And he has no use for me."

"You haven't said outright what you of his before he did," said Lund. "He'll put you out of the way if he can, but, now his temper's bifled over a bit, he'll not shoot you. Not afore the gold's in the hold."

"As for me," he went on, his voice deepening, "I found this gold, an' they didn't. I don't have to divvy with 'em, an' I won't. If enny of 'em thinks he's my equal all he's got to do is say so, an' I'll give him a chance to prove it. Feel those arms, matey, size me up. Man to man, I c'd break enny three of 'em in half. Put me in a room with enny three of 'em, an' the door locked, an' one 'ud come out. That 'ud be me."

This was not bragging, not blustering, but calm assurance, and Rainey felt that Lund merely stated what he believed to be facts. And Rainey believed they were facts. There was a confident strength of spirit aside from his physical condition that emanated from Lund as steam comes from a kettle. It was the sort of strength that lies in a steady gale, a wind that one can lean against, an elastic power with big reserves of force. But the conditions were all against Lund, though he proceeded to put them aside.

"Man to man," he repeated, "I c'd beat 'em into Hamburg steak. An' I've got brains enough to fool Carlsen. I've outguessed him so far."

"He's got the gun," warned Rainey. "Never mind his gun. I ain't afraid

of his gun." He nodded with such supreme confidence that Rainey felt himself suddenly relegating the doctor's possession of the gun to the background. "If his gun's the only thing trubbin' you, forget it. You an' me got to know where we stand. It's up to you. I won't blame you for shiftn' over. An' I can git along without you, if need be. But we've got along together fine; I've took a notion to you. I'd like to see you get a whack of that gold, an' all the devils in h—l an' out of it ain't goin' to stop me from gittin' it!"

He talked in a low voice, but it rumbled like the distant roar of a bull. Rainey looked at the indomitable jaw that the beard could not hide, at the great barrel of his chest, the bough-like arms, the swelling thighs and calves, and responded to the suggestion that Lund could rise in Berserker rage and sweep aside all opposition.

"Carlsen says that the skipper's life is in his hands," he said. "What do you make of that?"

"I don't know what to make of it," answered Lund. "If it is, God help the skipper! I reckon he's in a bad way. Ennyhow, he's out of it for the time bein', Rainey."

"There's the girl," said Rainey. "I don't believe she wants to marry Carlsen."

"If she does," said Lund, "she ain't the kind we need worry about. If you're interested about the gal, Rainey, an' I take it you are, I'm tellin' you that Carlsen'll marry her if it suits his book. If it don't, he won't. An' if he wins out, he'll take her without botherin' about prayer-books an' ceremonies. I know his breed. All men are more or less selfish an' shy on morals, in streaks more or less wide, but that Carlsen's just plain skunk. I'm no saint, but, so long as I can keep wiggin', there ain't enny hunter or seaman goin' to harm a decent gal. That's another way they ain't my equal, Rainey. Savvy? Nor is Carlsen. There ain't enough real manhood in that Carlsen to grease a skillet. How about it, Rainey; are you lined up with me?"

"Just as far as I can go, Lund. I'm with you to the limit."

Lund brought down his hand with a mighty swing and caught at Rainey's in mid-air, gripping it till Rainey bit his lips to repress a cry of pain.

"You've got the guts!" cried the giant, checking the loudness of his voice abruptly. "I knew it. It ain't all goin' to go as they like it. Watch my smoke. Now, then, keep out of Carlsen's way all you can. He may try an' pick a row with you that'll put you in wrong all around. Go easy an' speak easy till Lund's sighted."

"What do you think Carlsen's game is, if it goes through?"

"He's fox enough to think up a dozen ways. Run the schooner ashore somewhere in the night. Wreck her. Git 'em in the boats with the gold. Inside of a week, Deming an' one or two others would have won it. Then—he'd have the only gun—he'd shoot the lot of 'em an' say they died at sea. He ain't got enny more warm blood than a squid. Or he might land, and accuse 'em all of piracy. What do we care about his plans? He ain't goin' to put 'em over."

Rainey had to relieve Hansen. He left Lund primed for resistance against Carlsen, against all the crew, if necessary, resolved to save the girl, but, as Lund stayed below and the time slid by, his confidence oozed out of him, and the odds assumed their mathematical proportion.

What could they do against so many? But he held firm in his determination to do what he could, to go down with the forlorn hope.

The Karluk was howling along northward toward landfall and the crisis between Lund and Carlsen at good speed. The weather had subsided and the half gale now served the schooner instead of hindering her.

Rainey turned over the wheel to a seaman and paced the deck. Lund's mysterious hints were unsatisfactory. He could not believe them without some basis, but the giant would never go further than vague talk of a "joker" or card up his sleeve. And they would need more than one card, Rainey thought.

He wondered whether they could win over Hansen, who had spoken for Lund against the skipper, and had then kept his counsel. But he dismissed Hansen as an ally. The Scandinavian was too cautious, too apt to consider such things as odds. Sandy was useless, aside from his good-will. He was cowed by Deming, scared of Carlsen, too puny to do more than he had done, give them warning.

Tamada? Would he fight for the share of gold he expected to come to him? Lund had described him as neutral. But, if he knew that he was to be left out of the division? At any rate, Tamada might provide him with a weapon, a sharp-bladed vegetable knife if nothing better. He could not class Tamada as an unimportant factor. There was no question to Rainey but that Tamada was, by caste, above his position as sealer's cook. It was true that a Japanese considered no means menial if they led to the proper end.

Was that end merely to gain possession of his share of the gold, or did Tamada have some deeper, more complicated reason for signing on to run the galley of the Karluk? Somehow Rainey thought there was such a reason.

CHAPTER VI.

Tamada Talks.

It was an hour from the third meal of the day. Tamada was juggling the food for three messes, and he was doing it with the calm precision of one who has every detail well mapped out

and is moving on schedule. The boy Sandy was not there, probably engaged in laying the table for the hunters' mess, Rainey imagined.

Tamada regarded him with eyes that did not lack a certain luster, as a slobbery might hold it, but which, beneath their hooded lids, revealed neither interest, nor curiosity, nor



"You Are Not Hating Me Because You Are Californian and I Japanese," He Said.

friendliness. They belonged in his unwrinkled face, they were altogether neutral. Yet they seemed covertly to suggest to Rainey that they might, on occasion, flame with wrath or hatred, or show the burning light of high intelligence.

"Tamada," he queried, "you think I am your friend, that I would rather help you than otherwise?"

"I think that—yes?" answered the Japanese without hesitation and without servility. "You are not hating me because you are Californian and I Japanese," he said. "I know that."

There was little time to spare, and there was likelihood of interruption, so Rainey plunged into his subject without introduction.

"They promised you a share of this treasure, Tamada?" he asked.

"They promised me that, yes."

"They did not intend to give it to you. You may have guessed this, but I am sure of it. I, too, am promised some of the gold, but they do not intend to give it to me. They will offer Mr. Lund only a small portion of what was originally arranged, the same amount as the rest of them are to get. He will refuse that tomorrow, when a meeting is to be called. Then there will be trouble. I shall stand with Mr. Lund. If we win you will get your share, whether you help us or not. If you help us I can promise you at least twice the amount you were to get."

"How can I help you? If this is to be talked over at a meeting I shall not be allowed to be present. I do not think it will help you for me to join. I do not see how you can win. If you can show some way out I will do what I can. But I like to see way out."

He mollified the bald acknowledgment of his neutrality with a little bow and a hissing-in-breath. Back of it all was a will that was inflexible, thought Rainey.

"If we lose, you lose," he went on lamely. He had come on a fool's errand, he decided.

"I think I shall get my money," said Tamada. The Oriental gave a swift smile, that held no mirth, no friendship, rather, a sardonic appreciation of the situation, without rancor.

"They are very foolish," he said. "They make me cook, they eat what I serve. They say Tamada is very good cook. But he is Jap, d—n him. Suppose I put something in that food, that they would not taste? I could send them all to sleep. I could kill them. I could do it so they never suspect, but would go to their beds—and never get up from them. It would be very easy. Yet they trust me."

The statement was so matter-of-fact that Rainey felt his horror gather slowly as he stared at the impassive Oriental.

A thought suddenly flashed over him. Was Tamada in league with Carlsen? Had he mistaken him? Did Carlsen plan to have Tamada undertake a wholesale poisoning to secure the gold himself, providing the drugs? Was it a friendly hint from the Japanese?

When Rainey's watch was ended and he was closeted with Lund in the latter's cabin, the giant promptly quashed all discussion of Tamada's attitude.

"I'll put no trust in any slant-eyed, yellow-skinned rice-eater," he announced emphatically. "They're against us, race an' religion. They want California, or rather, the Pacific coast, an' they think they're goin' to git it. They're no more akin to us than a snake is a cousin to an eel. They're not of our breed, an' you can't mix the two. I'll have no deal with Tamada, beyond gettin' dope out of him. If he helped us it 'ud be only to further his own ends. Not that he can do much—unless—"

He lowered his voice to a husky whisper.

"There's one thing may slip in our gold-gettin', matey," he said—"the Japanese. I doubt if this island is set down on American or British charts.

But I'll bet it is on the Japanese. They don't know of the gold, or it wouldn't be there. Rightly, the island may belong to Russia, but, since the war, Russia's in a bad way, an' enny-thing loose from the mainland'll be gobbled by Japan.

"What the Japs grab they don't let go of. If they should suspicion us of gittin' gold off enny island they c'd trump up to call theirs, if they found gold on us at all, it 'ud be all off with us an' the Karluk. We'd be dumped inside of some Jap prison an' the schooner confiscated.

"An' if things go right with us, an' we ever sight the smoke of a Jap gun-boat comin' our way, the first thing I'll be apt to do will be to scrag Tamada or he'll blow the whole proposition, whether we've got the gold aboard or not. Even if he didn't want to tell becoz of his own share, they'd git it out of him what we was after.

"Ever play much at cards?" he went on. "Play for yore last red when you don't know where to turn for another, an' have all the crowd thinkin' you're goin' broke as they watch the play? An' then you slap down a card they've all overlooked an' larf in the other chap's face?"

"That's what I'm goin' to do with Carlsen. I've got that kind of a card, matey, an' I ain't goin' to spoil my fun by tellin' evny you what it is, though you're my partner in this gamble. It's a trump, an' Carlsen's overlooked it."

Lund chuckled hugely as he mixed himself some whisky and water. Rainey refused a drink. He was nervous, bothering over what the outcome might be, and how he might handle himself. He was not at all sure of his own grit. There was a nasty doubt as to his own prowess and his own courage that kept cropping up. And that state of mind is not a pleasant one.

Rainey went over and over the situation as a squirrel might race around the bars of his revolving cylinder, and came to only one conclusion, the inevitable one, to let the matter develop itself. Lund's winning card he had bothered about until his brain was tired. When he turned in at last, despite his determination to follow Lund's admonition concerning sleep, it would not come to him.

He was awakened at half-past seven, got a cup of coffee after dressing warmly, and went on deck. Carlsen and the girl had preceded him. Lund stood at the rail with his head of a nose wrinkled, snuffing toward the icy crags that were spouting a dazzle of white flame, set about with smaller, sudden flares of ruby, emerald and sapphire.

Tamada appeared and announced breakfast.

"You'll be coming later, Rainey?" asked Carlsen. "You and Lund?"

He started for the companionway and the girl followed. As she passed the wheel Rainey spoke to her:

"I am sorry your father is so ill, Miss Simms," he said.

She looked at him with eyes that

Lund stood at the rail with his head of a nose wrinkled.

were filled with sadness, that seemed liquid with tears bravely held back.

"I am afraid he is dying," she answered in a low voice. "Thank you for your sympathy. I—"

She stopped at some slight sound that Rainey did not catch. But he saw the face of Carlsen framed in the shadow of the companion, his mouth open in a wolf grin, and the man's eyes were gleaming crimson. He held up a hand for the girl. She passed down without taking it.

Lund came over to Rainey.

"Clear weather, they tell me?" he said. "That's unusual. Fog off the Aleutians three hundred an' fifty days of the year, as a rule. Soon as we sight land, which'll be Unalaska or thereabouts, Carlsen will have the course changed. There's a considerable fleet of United States revenue cutters at Unalaska, an' Carlsen won't pull ennything until we're well west of there. He's pretty cocky this mornin'. Wal, we'll see."

There had always been a certain rollicking good-humor about Lund. This morning he was grim, his face, with its beak of a nose and aggressive chin beneath the flaming whiskers, and his whole magnificent body gave the impression of resolve and repressed action. Rainey fancied whimsically that he could hear a dynamo purring

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

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COLUMBIA, KY.

Why So Many Marry.
(NEW YORK HERALD.)

The Washington statisticians are pop-eyed over the large number of marriages this year. Some of them believe that the number may reach 1,500,000 by New Year's. The philosophers of the Government bureaus say they don't understand the great rush for the yoke. This country lost few men during the war and this is a period of deflation, therefore the wise men cannot find a social or economic solution of the puzzle. The trouble with the statistician-philosophers is that they look too far. They should inspect the simple, homely things of life.

For example, there are the motion pictures. John has been taking Gladys to see them every week for a couple of years. He is chaplined, fairbanksed and harked to death. How can he sidestep? Well he has heard that one of the preogatives of married men is to refuse, on the mere ground of weariness, to go to the theatre. So he proposes.

There is the motor car. Few single men buy passenger cars.

They have no excuse, no home with a garage, no patient companion to listen to longwinded discourses on carburetor diseases. It is not proper to take a fiancée on a week-end trip without the family accompaniment. The yearning for a car results in buying a single-cylinder diamond.

There is prohibition. The passing of the saloon has brought a void into the lives of some young men. There is no place to go to find an argument. The thought of marrying, of having somebody who will talk back, of being the lord of a house—possibly with a cellar—occurs to the lonely wretch. He speaks the three or four necessary words; she murmurs one.

Finally—and the graybeards in Washington ought to see them—there are the girls. Each year as miserable man becomes uglier woman grows more divine. The wonder is that the wedding-ring makers are not running their factories on the three shift plan.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

inside the giant's massiveness. He had seen him in open rage when he had first denounced Honest Simms, but the serious mood was far more impressive.

The big man stepped like a great cat, his head was thrust slightly forward, his great hands were half open. One forgot his blindness. Despite the unsightly black lenses, Lund appeared so absolutely prepared and, in a different way, fully as confident as Carlsen. A certain audacious assurance seemed to ooze out of him, to permeate his neighborhood, and a measure of it extended to Rainey.

Carlsen, before he went below, had sent a man into the fore-spreaders, and now he shouted, cupping his hands and sounding his news as if it had been a call to arms:

"Land-ho!"

"What is it?" called Rainey back.

"High peak, sir. Dead ahead! Clouds on it, or smoke."

He came sliding down the halyards to the deck as Lund said: "That'll be Makushin. Now the fun'll commence."

From below the sailors off watch came up on deck, and the hunters, the latter wiping their mouths, fresh from their interrupted breakfast, all crowding forward to get a glimpse of the land. Minutes passed before Carlsen came on deck. He had not hurried his meal.

"I'll take her over, Rainey," he said briefly.

Rainey and Lund were barely seated before the heeling of the schooner and the scuffle of feet told of Lund's prophesied change of course. Rainey looked at the telltale compass above his head.

"Heading due west," he told Lund. "West it is," said the giant. "More coffee, Tamada. Fill your belly, Rainey. Get a good meal while the eatin' is good."

Although it was Hansen's watch below, Rainey found him at the wheel instead of the seaman he had left there. Carlsen came up to him smiling.

"Better let Hansen have the deck, Mr. Rainey," he said. "We're going to have a conference in the cabin at four bells, and I'd like you to be present."

"All right, sir," Rainey answered, getting a thrill at this first actual intimation of the meeting. Hansen, it seemed, was not to be one of the representatives of the seamen. And Carlsen had been smart enough to forestall Lund's demand for Rainey by taking some of the wind out of the giant's sails and doing the unexpected. Unless the hunters had suggested that Rainey be present. But that was hardly likely, considering that he was to be left out of the deal.

"In just what capacity are you calling this conference?" Lund asked, when Carlsen notified him in turn. "The skipper ain't dead, is he?"

"I represent the captain, Lund," replied the doctor. "He entirely approves of what I am about to suggest to you and the men. In fact I have his signature to a document that I hope you will sign also. It will be greatly to your interest to do so. I am in present charge of the Karluk."

"You ain't a regular member of this expedition," objected Lund stolidly. "Neither am I a member of the crew, just now. But the skipper's my partner in this deal, signed, sealed and recorded. Afore I go to enny meetin' I'd like to have a talk with him personally. Thet's fair enough, ain't it?"

Several of the hunters had gathered about, and Lund's question seemed a general appeal. Carlsen shrugged his shoulders.

"If you had your eyesight," he said almost brutally, "you could soon see that the skipper was in no condition to discuss matters, much less be present."

"Here's my eyesight," countered Lund. "Mr. Rainey here. Let him see the skipper and ask him a question or two?"

"What kind of a question? I'm asking as his doctor, Lund."

"For one thing if he's read the paper you say he signed. I want to be sure of that. An' I don't make it enny of yore bizness, Carlsen, what I want to say to my partner, by proxy or otherwise. Second thing, I'd like to be sure he's still alive. As for yore standin' as his doctor, all I've got to say is that you're a d—d pore doctor, so far as the skipper's concerned, ennyway."

The two men stood facing each other, Carlsen looking evilly at the giant, whose black glasses warned off his glance. It was wasting looks to glare at a blind man. Equally to sneer. But the bout between the two was timed now, and both were casting aside any veneer of diplomacy, their enmity manifesting itself in the raw. The issue was growing tense.

Rainey fancied that Carlsen was not entirely sure of his following, and relied upon Lund's indignant refusal of terms to back up his plans of getting rid of him decisively.

CHAPTER VII.

The Show-Down.

"Rainey can see the skipper," said Carlsen carelessly.

"All right," said Lund. "Will you do that, Rainey? Now?" And Rainey had a fleeting fancy that the giant winked one of his blind eyes at him, though the black lenses were deceiving.

He went below immediately and rapped on the door, a little surprised to see the girl appear in the opening. The drawn expression of her face, the strained faint smile with which she greeted him, the hopeless look in her eyes, startled him.

"I wanted to see your father," he said in a low voice.

She told him to enter.

"He is in a stupor," she said. "He has been that way since last night, fol-

lowing a collapse. I can barely find his pulse, but his breath shows on this."

She produced a small mirror, little larger than a dollar, and held it before her father's lips. When she took it away Rainey saw a trace of moisture.

"Carlsen cannot rouse him?" he asked.

"Cannot—or will not," she answered in a voice that held a hard quality for all its despondency.

"Lately the doctor has seemed uncertain. He talks of perverted nerve functions, and he has obtained a tremendous influence over father."

"You heard what he said when—the night he tried to shoot you? You see, I am trusting you in all this, Mr. Rainey. I must trust some one. If I don't I can't stand it. I think I shall go mad, sometimes. The doctor has changed. It is as if he was a dual personality—like Jekyll and Hyde—and now he is always Hyde. He said last night that he could save father or—or—that he would let father die. I told him it was sheer murder! He laughed. He said he would save him—for a price."

She stopped, and Rainey supplied the gap, sure that he was right.

"If you would marry him?"

The girl nodded. "Father will do anything he tells him. I sometimes think he tortures father and only relieves him when father promises what he wants. Otherwise I could not understand. Last night father asked me to do this thing. He told me he looked upon the doctor as a son, that it would make him happy for me to marry him—now. That he would perform the ceremony. That he did not think he would live long and he wanted to see me with a protector."

"It was horrible. What shall I do?"

"Miss Simms," said Rainey, "your father is not in his right mind or he would see Carlsen as you do, as I do. Carlsen's brain is turned with the lure of the gold. If he marries you, I believe it is only for your share, for what you will get from your father. It cannot be right to do a wrong thing. No good could come from it. But—something may happen this morning—I cannot tell you what. I do not know, except that Lund is to face Carlsen. It may change matters."

"Lund," she said scornfully. "What can he do? And he accused my father of deserting him. I—"

A knock came at the door, and it started to open. Carlsen entered.

"Ah," he said. "I trust I have not disturbed you. I had no idea I should interrupt a tete-a-tete. Are you satisfied as to the captain's condition, Mr. Rainey?"

Rainey went on deck, raging but impotent. He told Lund briefly of the talk between him and Peggy Simms, and described the general symptoms of the skipper's strange malady. It was nine o'clock, an hour to the meeting. He went down to his own room and sat on the bunk, smoking, trying to piece up the puzzle. If Carlsen was a potential murderer, if he intended to let Simms die, why should he want to marry the girl? He thought he solved that issue.

As his wife Carlsen would retain her share. If he gave her up, it would go into the common purse. But, if he expected to trick the men out of it all, that would be unnecessary. Did he really love the girl? Or was his lust for gold mingled with a passion for possession of her? He might know that the girl would kill herself before she would submit to dishonor. Perhaps he knew she had the means!

One thing became paramount—to save Peggy Simms. Lund might fight for the gold; Rainey would battle for the girl's sanctity. And, armed with that resolve, Rainey went out into the main cabin.

Carlsen took the head of the table. Lund faced him at the other end. All six of the hunters, as privileged characters, were present, but only three of the seamen, awkward and diffident at being aft. The nine, with Rainey, ranged themselves on either side of the table, five and five, with Rainey on Lund's right. The girl was not present. Yet her share was an important factor.

Lund sat with folded arms, his great body relaxed. Now that the table was set, the cards all dealt, and the first play about to be made, the giant shed his tenseness. Even his grim face softened a trifle. He seemed to regard the affair with a certain amount of humor, coupled with the zest of a gambler who loves the game whether the stakes are for death or dollars.

Carlsen had a paper under his hand, but deferred its reading until he had addressed the meeting.

"A ship," he said, "is a little community, a world in itself. To its safety every member is a necessity, the lookout as much as the man at the wheel, the common seaman, the navigator. And, when a ship is engaged in a certain calling, those who are hired as experts in that line are equally essential with the rest. Each man's responsibility being equal, his reward should be also equal."

"Payment for all services comes on this voyage from an uncertain amount of gold that Nature, mother of us all, and therefore intending that all her children shall share her heritage, has washed up on a beach from some deep-sea vein and thus deposited upon an uncharted, unclaimed island. It is discovered by an Indian, the discovery is handed on to another."

"Meanin' me," Lund seemed to be enjoying himself. Despite the fact that Carlsen was presiding and most evidently assumed the attributes of leader, despite the fact that ten of the twelve at the table were arrayed against him, with the rest of the seamen behind him, Lund was decidedly enjoying himself.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Survey of the Schools.

Having visited the greater portion of the schools of Adair county, I find that, in most instances, they are being taught by qualified and energetic teachers who seem to have the interest of the children in view and not the closing day of the school term. The colored teachers, as a rule, are well qualified and have as good, if not the best, discipline of any schools I have visited. The Board of education a group of gentlemen of whom all Adair county should be proud, have given their time and thought to the advancement of education and deeply realize that the children of Adair county, are its noblest asset. The attendance is good and so far only eight patrons have been reported for failing to send their children to school, three of whom have been tried before Justice Shepherd of the 2nd Magisterial district, two were acquitted, the other fined

\$5 00 and the cost. One should have been acquitted because of a contagious disease, the other offered no defense whatever, but was acquitted by a jury who seemed to have no regard for their oath. Four patrons have been reported in magisterial district No. 1, and I expect a conviction in each case.

Most of the teachers are opposed to the amendments because they realize that it is a step towards monarchical government and taken from the great common people a right for which our forefathers fought on all the glorious battlefields of our republic. Let us not have our flag polluted or stained, let it float as it did at Bunker Hill and the siege of Yorktown, thus commemorating the brilliant exploits of those who gave their life that this nation might be governed by the people and not a chosen few.

E. G. Hardwick,
Truant Officer.

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COLUMBIA, - - KY.

President Harding celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday this week.

Victory bonds went to par on the New York market last week.

Three stills have been found in a tomb in the Somerset cemetery.

A serum to cure varicose veins is reported to have been discovered at Davenport, Iowa.

The public debt of the United States has been cut \$464,959,628 during the months of October.

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Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY NOV. 15, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky..... \$1.50
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All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance

Complete returns show Mrs. Mary Elanery, Democrat, was elected by more than 250 majority to the House from Boyd County, defeating Dan Vose, Republican incumbent. Mrs. Flanery enjoys the double distinction of being the first woman elected to the General Assembly and the first Democrat elected as Representative for years by the strongly Republican Boyd County.

Mr. Oscar Fair, a traveling salesman, who has been making Columbia for several years, a well-known Democrat, was elected County Judge of Casey county. It is also said that every officer in Casey county, elected last Tuesday, is a Democrat. The county is about 850 Republican. In order for the Democrats to win, five or six hundred Republicans supported them.

For the first time in the city of Louisville and Jefferson county, the Republicans captured all the offices in the city and also in the county. Now we will see what we will see in bringing about a better order of the city's affairs. Judge Quin, who was elected Mayor, will have the opportunity of revolutionizing things in the city, and we hope he will tell the crooks to get out.

The Democrats will have both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature. They will have a majority of two in the Senate, and sixty-eight in the House. The control of the Senate was decided by the election of Dr. J. D. Whitaker, from the Morgan-Breathitt district, conceded by M. S. Crain, his Republican opponent, by about 200 majority.

Armistic Day was last Friday and it was observed throughout Kentucky and by the other States of the union. Ex-President Wilson who brought about peace is languishing upon a sick bed, caused by his services for his country.

In the Eighteenth Senatorial district, composed of the counties of Boyle, Lincoln, Casey and Garrard Joseph Robinson of Garrard, was defeated by Mr. Haselden, a Republican, by 48 votes. The Casey county vote defeated him.

The Republicans are doing but little rejoicing over last Tuesday's election. Notwithstanding they carried Louisville and Jefferson county by decisive majorities, the State went Democratic.

A good thing done by the voters of Kentucky last Tuesday. They killed both school amendments.

If Adair county had given Noah Loy a few more votes he would have been elected to the Legislature, as Taylor county gave him over two hundred majority.

Was the last election, throughout the United States, a rebuke to the Harding administration? Answer the question and like Davie Crockett, go ahead.

Hon. Ralph Gilbert, Congressman from the Eighth district, made a number of Democratic speeches in Kentucky a few days before the election.

With the exception of a few States it was a Democratic landslide. New York went Democratic by something like four hundred thousand.

Mr. Jas. F. Grinstead a former Mayor of Louisville, an upright citizen, and popular throughout the State, died in Louisville last Sunday.

Over the protest of the American Legion, it is given out that President Harding is soon to pardon Debs.

The House of Representatives will be largely Democratic. The Senate close.

Russell county elected a Democratic Sheriff in the person of a Mr. Benard.

The League of Nations has divided Silesia equally among four Nations.

Camp Sherman, in Ohio, has been recommended as a disabled soldiers' school.

OIL NEWS.

BY T. EARLE WILLIAMS.

The No. 2 on the C. E. Keen tract, on Bush creek is 140 ft. and drilling, this is offset to the No. 1 on the Hicks farm owned by Stone & Leathers, and should be a good producer.

The No. 1 on the John Radford farm, owned by White, Spellacy & Moore, has been drilled through the first pay and for the present work is suspended on it.

Dallas Goff is drilling on the Frank Radford farm for Wick & McKee.

White, Spellacy & Moore are down 150 feet, and drilling on the No. 2 on the Lela Smith near Bakerton.

Wick & McKee are 500 feet, and drilling on the John Alexander farm, near Bakerton.

The No. 2. on the C. W. Strange farm, is 596 feet, and held up with a fishing job at present.

T. A. Sheridan is 724 feet and drilling on the No. 1, on the G. C. Smith farm at Beck's store on Big Renox creek. Mr. Sheridan is at this writing moving a second rig on this farm and will start drilling on his No. 2, at once.

Fike & Co., of Uniontown, Pa., are 115 feet, and drilling on the James Williams farm, on Casey Fork of Marrowbone creek. This is new territory, but quite a few leases have changed hands at good prices in the last few days there.

The No. 1, on the J. A. Neeley farm, near Neeley's Ferry, is due in about the 11th. There has been considerable delay on

this well owing to various breakdowns, but oil men are expecting a good well here.

A. S. McClintock will start drilling on the C. C. Smith farm on Bear Creek within the next ten days. This farm joins the Lela Keen farm on which Johns & Patterson recently drilled a nice well.

Quite a number of oil men are to be seen in Burkesville, but owing to the loss of the hotel, recently, by fire, others who would have come have perhaps hesitated about doing so, but ample accommodations can be found for all who care to come.

If the coming winter is not so severe, there will be a lot of drilling done here. There is not at present an idle contractor in the county and work could be gotten for more.

THE HOME TOWN.

We clip the following from the Elizabethtown News. It is applicable to Columbia and for that reason we republished it:

We live in this town because we believe in it. We believe in it because it is a good town, regardless of its few defects and its people are the peers of those to be found anywhere.

This town may not have the wealth of some more favored communities, but it has character, and character is a possession which can not be purchased with gold.

If you believe in your home town you will like it, and if you like it no effort toward its improvement will be too great for you.

Again we ask you to have faith in your own power; to also have faith in your own town.

When you feel like criticizing it, check the thought before it is spoken. You can always find something good to say instead, and even then the half of the truth will never be told.

It is a good town, now, but faith, loyalty and united action, will make it a better one.

Our faith in this town brother, is simply faith in you, because the town is a collection of yours.

Surely your faith is not less than ours.

Let us unite—let us act—for a more cohesive community.

It is your home—and ours.

Knifley.

There is a series of meetings in progress at Christie's Chapel at the present time conducted by Revs. A. N. Yancy and Phipps.

Mr. Etzel Dunbar, who has been in Illinois for the past few months, returned home one day last week.

The spelling at the Plum Point schoolhouse last Wednesday night was largely attended and all reported a nice time.

The dedication of the new Christian Church at this place was largely attended and all reported a nice time.

Mr. Normand Tucker, who is in the army arrived home one day last week to visit his mother Mrs. Belle Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Arnold and children spent last Sunday with the family of Mr. A. C. Wheeler.

Died on the 5th of November, Micheal, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Warren. Interment took place at Speck in Taylor county.

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Tract No. 1, 203 Acres.

Located on Trace Fork Pike about 2½ miles east of Phil and same distance from Gilpin P. O., in Casey County and known as the I. C. Thomas farm, of this 203 acres about 100 acres in rich bottoms of which 30 acres in corn and balance in meadows and grass. Some good timber on the upland. School right on the farm, close to church and stores, on rural route and in splendid neighborhood. Two wells, one at home and one at barn, best water on the creek, springs, etc. Fencing good. An ideal location and a desirable place to live. A money maker and a dividend producer. Improvements. Dwelling of four rooms, barn 40x50 with concrete foundation, silo 12x18 and 75 ton capacity, crib with shed and small barn attached and all other necessary out-buildings.

Tract No. 2, 75 Acres

Is located at the head of Russell Branch about one mile from Tract No. 1. Good Ridge land. Mostly in timber, No. 1 Beech, etc. Outlet to county road on both sides. Rich coves, well watered by everlasting springs, Etc. This is a good investment proposition.

Tract No. 3, 55 Acres

Located close to the Woolen Mills at Phil, on the south side of the Trace Fork. Splendid ridge land and all in cultivation. Residence of five rooms, good barn and all other necessary outbuildings. Well watered by everlasting springs, good fencing. Good young orchard of splendid variety of fruit. All lays well and a dandy little farm for the man of small means. Look this one over.

Personalities. 8 head of 2-year-old cattle 800 lbs, one yearling steer, one pair ten-year-old mules, good ones, one buggy horse, one sow and seven shoats, 12 head of sheep, Fordson Tractor, one grist mill consisting of line shaft, pulleys, crusher, sheller, belting, Etc., all in good shape. All farming tools two cultivators, double shovels, turning plows, Etc. Lot of corn and hay. Antiques, old fashioned clock with wood works, old time cupboard (Cherry) and other things too numerous to mention.

The sale will be held on tract No. 1 of 203 acres.

Just get one fact firmly fixed in your mind and that is this property is going to SELL for whatever it will bring. OUR CONTRACT CALLS FOR AN ABSOLUTE SALE WITHOUT RESERVE BY-BID OR LIMIT. Mr. Coffey is game to the core. YOUR PRICE will be HIS PRICE let the result whatever it may. The last bid on sale day gets a deed to the property. OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door—ACT.

Remember the day and HOUR TUESDAY NOVEMBER 22ND AT 10 A. M. Join the crowd for they will be there.

We will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE some GOLD for best guesses on property. Dinner on the Ground.

For full particulars see, write or phone either the owner, N. G. Coffey, Middleburg Kentucky, or

Hughes & McCarty, Stanford, Ky.,
Col. J. B. Dinwiddie, on the Block.

Mr. Walter Arnold and family visited the formers father Mr. John Arnold last Sunday.

Mr. Dempsey Bault visited his sister Mrs. Ora Mae Beams of Russell county from Saturday till Monday.

The services held at Knifley last Sunday afternoon by Elder Bornwasser of Campbellsville was largely attended and all reported a good sermon and good attention.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson, of Cane Valley, visited the latter sister Mrs. C. M. Bault one day last week.

Fallen Asleep.

Mrs. Cordia N. Turner, wife of Arvin Turner, was born Apr. 23, 1890. Died Oct. 17, 1921. Thus making her 31 years, 5 months, 24 days old.

She was Cordia Brockman before she married Bro. Turner. Their union was blessed with two children, Allen and Elizabeth. She professed faith in Christ early in life and lived a consistent christian life until death. She lived to see her son give his heart to the Lord. It was our privilege to visit the home a number of times. Sister Turner always enjoyed making her friends happy when they were about her. Then she never wanted us to leave until we prayed. It was always hers to serve and make happy her neighbors and friends.

She had been sick about one



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In spite of their low cost Carey Roll Roofings serve from 10 to 20 years—depending on the weight of the particular roofing. If coated occasionally, they will last much longer. Thus Carey Roll Roofings represent the LOWEST POSSIBLE COST PER YEAR OF SERVICE.

DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,
Columbia, Kentucky.

month with typhoid fever. All was done that the faithful hands of her companion and many friends could do, but God called and she went to be with her Lord. She leaves a husband and two children, father and mother, two sisters and three brothers to mourn their loss. Funeral services conducted by the writer at her home. May Sister Turner's God be Bro. Turner and the two children's

God and eventually lead them to heaven, is my prayer. Interment in Columbia cemetery.
J. W. Rayburn.

A big lot of hunters arrived from Louisville and other points Monday night.

REMODELING-REPAIRING-CLEANING
FURS FUR STORAGE
SKINS OF YOUR OWN CATCH
GREEN & GREEN, FURRIERS
INCORPORATED
1136 S. Third LOUISVILLE, KY.

Neatsburg.

Corn gathering is the order of the day.

Ray Neat and Ealy Grant made a business trip to Greensburg a few days ago.

Carlie Bryant sold Frank Rigney a buggy for \$65.

T. W. Wheat and family were visiting relatives at this place last Sunday.

Mont Hardwick bought a saw mill from C. C. Jones some time ago.

Born to the wife of Logan Grant, a eleven pound son—Ocelious Lawrence. Mother and baby doing nicely.

L. T. Wheat lost two nice calves last week.

Robert Cundiff made a business trip to Louisville a few days ago.

Born to the wife of Rufus Neat a eleven pound daughter—Bessie Nell.

Last Sunday after Sunday school was over the senior class went grape hunting in a road wagon. The weather was nice and every body had an enjoyable time. The girls prepared lunch while the boys hunted grapes. After the refreshments were served the time was spent in singing songs and telling stories until it was time to return home. I think every Sunday School should go picnicing like this.

E. T. Winfrey bought some corn from Edd Cundiff and Jul Hatfield for \$3.00 per barrel.

Several from this place attended the singing at Goodins Cross Roads, conducted by Sam Logan Williams and Mont Tarter, who is on a vacation from Louisville.

Born to the wife of Edd Cundiff on the 27th., a still born child.

There are lots of soggum in this community. There has been about 600 gallons made at G. F. Hardwick's molasses camp this year.

Mr. Lawrence Hardwick and his mother, were visiting relatives at Egypt last Saturday and Sunday.

Tarter.

I thought I would write to your valuable paper, as my father is a subscriber.

Sowing wheat and gathering corn is the order of the day in this community.

Mr. W. H. Wheat bought one work mule from M. G. Shepherd for seventy dollars.

Mr. Charles Foley is very sick at this writing.

The school at this place is progressing nicely, Miss Alice Montgomery teacher.

There were three cases before Squire Shepherd court last week charged with violating the compulsory school law. One convicted and two acquitted.

Mr. Dollage Ruberts of Campbellsville was in this community a few days ago looking after cattle.

Miss Bertie Grant is visiting Miss Mary Wheat at this writing.

Mr. L. T. Wheat of Neatsburg was in this part last week.

Mr. T. A. Ferkin, as we are told, has rented the business house now occupied by John Burton and will put in a new stock of goods as soon as he is given possession.

Montpelier.

Our farmers have finished sowing wheat and we have the smallest acreage of that cereal that has been sown here for many years.

Messrs. Martin Kowe and Parvin Reece have recently installed at this place, an excellent mill outfit, consisting of a 10 horse oil engine, grist mill, crusher, and shingle rig.

Mr. G. W. Helm and sons, Harvey and Oral, recently made a business trip to Oklahoma. They went, via Louisville, St. Louis and Kansas City, and returned via Little Rock and Memphis, making the entire trip in motor cars.

Mr. W. C. Grider's old horse, Tobe, recently took his demise at the age of 33. Mr. Grider proves himself to be a man of the right spirit, when he refuses to dispose of the old horse that had worked so faithfully in his younger days, because he became old and no longer useful.

Mrs. W. C. Grider has been in Columbia for several weeks, where she is receiving treatment for some chronic ailment under Dr. Martha Williams.

Dirigo.

We are having plenty of rain at present.

Mr. G. H. Fields, of Bowling was in our midst several days of last week.

Mr. R. L. Campbell has returned to Louisville, but his family still remain here.

There have been several beeves slaughtered in this vicinity during the last month.

Mr. R. L. Campbell sold one buggy to Roy Garmon for \$40.00.

The school at Independence is progressing nicely with Prof. Muncie Coomer as teacher.

Mr. Garnett Pelston has removed to his father's farm, near Picnic.

Mr. Lonnie Rowe has removed to the house vacated by Mr. Pelston.

Uncle Matthew Wooten is very feeble at this writing.

Burkesville, Ky.

To My Many Friends in Old Adair:—

I take this plan to write to all. One month ago today we reached Burkesville. We found here a fine people. Cumberland county has some of the best people I ever met except (—?) We have a nice new brick parsonage. The people of all churches and those of no church at all, have shown us much kindness. We had just been in the parsonage a week, when the people of Burkesville gave us a shower of good things to eat. Flour, meat, lard, sugar, coffee and canned goods. My, my. In fact, it came in great quantities. At least six months' rations. We have three churches. One in town and two in the Marrowbone Valley. We like fine. Will come back to Adair some sweet day, when our work is completed in this county. We shall never forget the good people of dear old Adair, and the good people of Cane Valley charge. Keep the work going on my dear brethren. The promise is to the faithful.

Love to all. Your Friend.
O. T. Lee.

Obituary.

On last Wednesday Oct. 5th., at 7, p. m., A. H. Judd, a well known and highly respected citizen passed peacefully away at his home, Cane Valley after an illness of about three weeks, at age of 83 years. Everything was done that loving hands could do, but the Master saw fit to remove him from our midst so we can only say, "Thy will be done."

His sons who were working in Monticello, were called home when he first became ill and stayed by his side night and day. When thinking he was better they returned to their work, but on the date mentioned above he became worse and before any of them could arrive he had passed out into the great beyond. Those dear ones he left behind have one consolation in knowing he was ready and even anxious to go as he expressed that desire to his daughter not long before his death.

He was married about 51 years ago to Miss Martha Damm and has been a very devoted husband and father and a man who loved his home and family, and was seldom absent from them.

In early life he became a Mason and has always been true and faithful, letting nothing come between him and his Masonic duties. He was a member of the Christian Church and in his younger days took great interest in church work always leading in the song service as he was a great lover of music.

About one week before his illness, the writer, (who lives about 150 yards from him) sat and listened to him sing some of his favorite songs, two of which were,—"Will there be any Stars," and "There'll be no dark valley," and it was wonderful to hear a man of his age sing with such a rich, clear voice. He was at one time merchant and Post Master here and was liked by all who knew him.

All of his children were most attentive to him and even his little grandchildren, if they could do nothing more would keep fresh flowers in his room each day, for they loved grandfather, and wanted to feel, they were doing something for his comfort.

He is survived by his wife, six children and a number of grandchildren all of whom were with him during his illness.

The children are Messrs. J. H. R. L., Grover and Sam Judd, and Mrs. T. I. Smith, Sr., this place and Mrs. J. I. Stansberry, Corbin, Ky.

The funeral services was conducted at the Christian church Thursday P. M. at 3:30 by Eld. Z. T. Williams assisted by Revs. W. S. Dudgeon and C. E. Burdette, after which the remains were conveyed to the cemetery and buried with Masonic honors.

The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community and may God bless and comfort them in their efforts to serve him.

A Neighbor.

Foch.

It is no surprise that the generous heart of America unfolds to Gen. Ferdinand Foch upon the occasion of his first visit to the Western hemisphere, for history will reckon him as the great mili-

tary hero of the world's greatest war.

Partisan politics has torn from their eminence all the diplomatic and moral leaders of the war period. Each has paid his toll of defeat to an ungrateful people, but the glory or the military chieftains stands undiminished.

Clemenceau, Wilson, Orlando, Venizelos alike—the master minds which guided their governments successfully through those stressful days—are retired by the will or those they served, whilst the hold of Lloyd George on the Premiership of England has more than once hung as by a slender thread.

But to Pershing and Haig and Joffre and Diaz and Foch we still pay the homage that victory in a great conflict brings, and the greatest of all was Foch.

He saved Paris at two Marnes, reorganized the shattered Italians on the Piave, and wrung surrender from the enemy at Senlis. What more glory might be his?

It was Gen. Foch, a division commander under Gen. Joffre, who struck the immortal blow to Gen. Von Kluck's center at the first battle of the Marne in September, 1914.

Three years later it was General Foch who was hurried to Italy to gather the fragments of a bewildered Italian army, and enable it to make the defense which saved Venice and all Northern Italy.

It was Gen. Foch, who at the insistence of President Wilson, was made the Allied generalissimo in the dark days of April 1921, and who by his Fabian tactics, parrying a stroke here and a thrust there, held the invader at bay until the Americans could come.

Finally it was General Foch, always the disciple of offensive warfare, but not until conditions warranted it, who led the Allied troops to victory, culminating in the Armistic at Senlis.

He was the great military genius of the war, and his accomplishments deserve him to rank in history with Caesar and Napoleon.

We repeat, that to such a man, the generous welcome of America is not unnatural.—E. Town News.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

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If, after this trial, you decide not to keep the Amberola, we will call for it and thank you for giving it the opportunity of proving itself the world's greatest phonograph value. But if you feel that the Amberola and good music should have a permanent place in your home, you can keep this perfect instrument on the easiest of payment plans.

Come in and select your Amberola today—write or phone if more convenient.

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Buying your Gasoline at Home, where it is Produced, Refined and Sold by a Company who spend Their Money in Developing your County.

Give it a trial and Buy CUMBERLAND KING GASOLINE, also try their KEROSENE. Sold by their Agents at Columbia, Russell Springs, Dunnville and other points.

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Courses in High School, Gr.-ds.

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Advertise in The News if you wish to sell or buy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

"Share and share alike," he said. "I've got yore drift, Carlsen. Let's get down to brass tacks. The idea is to divvy the gold into equal parts, ain't it? How does she split? There's twenty-five souls aboard. Does that mean you split the heap into a hundred parts an' each one gets four?"

"No." It was Deming who answered. "It don't. The Jap don't come in, for one."

"A cook ain't a brother?"

"Not when he's got a yellow skin," answered Deming. "We'll take up a collection for Sandy. Rainey ain't in on the deal. We split it just twenty-two ways. What have you got to say about it?"

His tone was truculent, and Carlsen did not appear disposed to check him. He appeared not quite certain of the temper of the hunters.

"You figger we're all equal aboard," said Lund slowly, "leavin' out Mr. Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. You an' me, an' Carlsen an' Harris there—he modded toward one of the seaman delegates who listened with his slack mouth agape, scratching himself under the armpit—"are all equal?"

Deming cast a glance at Harris and, for just a moment, hesitated.

Harris, squirming under the look of Deming, which was aped by the sudden scrutiny of all the hunters, found speech: "How in h—l did you know I was here?" he demanded of Lund. "I ain't opened my mouth yet!"

"That ain't the truth, Harris," replied Lund composedly. "It's allus open. But if you want to know, I smelled ye."

There was a guffaw at the sally. Carlsen's voice stopped it.

"I'll answer the question, Lund. Yes, we're all equal. The world is not a democracy. Harris, so far, hasn't had a chance to get the equal share that belongs to him by rights. That's what I meant by saying that the Karluk was a little world of its own. We're all equal on board."

"Except Rainey, Tamada an' Sandy. Seems to me yore argumint's got holes in it, Carlsen."

"We are waiting to know whether you agree with us?" replied Carlsen. His voice had altered quality. It held the direct challenge. Lund accepted it.

"I don't," he answered dryly. "There ain't enny one of you my equal, an' you've showed it. You had to band together in a pack, like a flock of sheep, with Carlsen for shepherd. I'm talking," he went on in a tone that suddenly leaped to thunder. "None of

you have got the brains of Carlsen, becoz he had to put this scheme inter yore noodles. Deming, you know d—n well you play better poker than the rest, an' you agreed to this becoz you figger you'll win most of the gold afore the y'age is over. The rest of you suckers listened becoz some one tells you you are goin' to get more than what's rightly comin' to you."

"This gold is mine by right of discovery. I lose my ship through bad luck, an' I make a deal whereby the skipper gets the same as I do, an' the ship, which is the same as his daughter, gets almost as much. You men were offered a share on top of yore wages if you wanted to take the chance—two shares to the hunters. It was d—d liberal, an' you grabbed at it. I got left on the ice, blind on a breakin' floe, an' you sailed off an' grabbed a handful or so of gold, enough to set you crazy."

"What in blazes would you know what to do with it, enny of you? Spill it all along the Barb'ry coast, or gamble it off to Deming. Is there one of you 'ud have got off that floe an', blind as I was, turned up ag'in? Not one of ye. An' when I did show you got sore becoz you'd figgered there 'ud be more with me away."

"A fine lot of skunks. You can take yore d—d bit of paper an' light yore

purpose. Just to what end he could not guess. The big booming voice held them, while it lashed them.

"Equal to me? Bah! I'm a man. You're a lot of fools. Talk about me bein' blind. It was ice-blind got me. Then ophthalmia matterin' up my eyes. It's gold-blind's got you. You're cave-fish, a lot of blind suckers."

He leaned over the table pointing a massive square finger, thatched with red wool, direct at Carlsen, as if he had been leveling a weapon.

"Carlsen's a fake! He's got you hipped. He thinks he's boss, becoz he's the only navigator of yore crowd. I ain't overlooked that card, Carlsen. That ain't the only string he's got on ye. Nor the three shares he expects to pull down. He made you pore suckers fire off all your shells; he found out you ain't got a gun left among you that's enny more use than a club. He's got a gun an' he showed you how he could use it. He's sittin' back lart'in at the bunch of you!"

The men stirred. Rainey saw Carlsen's grin disappear. He dropped the paper. His face paled, the veins showed suddenly like purple veins in dirty marble.

"I've got that gun yet, Lund," he snarled.

Lund laughed, the ring of it so confident that the men glanced from him to Carlsen nervously.

"You're a fake, Carlsen," he said. "And I've got yore number! To h—l with you an' yore pop-gun. You ain't even a doctor. I saw real doctors ashore about my eyes. Niphalopia, they call snow-blindness. I'll bet you never heard of it. You're only a woman-conning dope-shooter! Else you'd have known that niphalopia ain't permanent! I've bin gettin' my sight back ever since I left Seattle. An' now, d—n you for a moldy-hearted, slimy-souled fakir, stand up an' say you're my equal!"

He stood up himself, towering above the rest as they rose from their chairs, tearing the black glasses from his eyes and flinging them at Carlsen, who was forced to throw up a hand to ward them off. Rainey got one glimpse of the giant's eyes. They were gray-blue, the color of agateware, hard as steel, implacable.

Carlsen swept aside the spectacles and they shattered on the floor as he leaped up and the automatic shone in his hand. Lund had folded his arms above his great chest. He laughed again, and his arms opened.

In an instant Rainey caught the object of Lund's speechmaking. He had done it to enrage Carlsen beyond endurance, to make him draw his gun. Giant as he was, he moved with the grace of a panther, with a swiftness too fast for the eye to register. Something flashed in his right hand, a gun, that he had drawn from a holster slung over his left breast.

The shots blended. Lund stood there erect, uninjured. A red blotch showed between Carlsen's eyes. He slumped down into his chair, his arms clubbing the table, his gun falling from his nerveless hand, his forehead striking the wood like the sound of an auctioneer's gavel. Lund had beaten him to the draw.

Lund, no longer a blind Samson, with contempt in his agate eyes, surveyed the scattering group of men who stared at the dead man dully, as if gripped by the exhibition of a miracle. "It's all right, Miss Simms," he said. "Jest killed a skunk. Rainey, git that gun an' attend to the young lady, will you?"

The girl stood in the doorway of her father's cabin, her face frozen to horror, her eyes fixed on Lund with repulsion. As Rainey got the automatic, slipped it into his pocket, and went toward her, she shrank from him. But her voice was for Lund.

"You murderer!" she cried.

Lund grinned at her, but there was no laughter in his eyes. "We'll thrash that out later, miss," he said. "Now, you men, jump for'ard, all of you. Deming, unlock that door. Jump! Equals, are you? I'll show you who's master on this ship. Wait!"

His voice snapped like the crack of a whip and they all halted, save Deming, who sullenly fitted the key to the lock of the corridor entrance.

"Take this with you," said Lund, pointing to Carlsen's sagging body. "When you git tired of his company, throw him overboard. Jump to it!"

The nearest men took up the body of the doctor and they all filed forward, silently obedient to the man who ordered them.

The girl shuddered. Rainey saw that Lund was exhilarated by his victory, that the primitive fighting brute was prominent. Carlsen had tried to shoot first, goaded to it; his death was deserved; but it seemed to Rainey that Lund's exhibition of savagery was unnecessary. But he also saw that Lund would not heed any protest that he might make, he was still swept on by his course of action, not yet complete.

"I'll borrow Carlsen's sextant," said Lund. "Nigh noon, an' erbout time I got our reckonin'." He went into the doctor's cabin and came out with the instrument, tucking it under his arm as he went on deck.

The girl wheeled into her father's room and shut the door. Rainey heard the click of the bolt on the other side. He listened for a moment, but heard nothing within the skipper's cabin. The swift rush of events was still a jumble. Slowly he went up the companionway to the deck.

TO BE CONTINUED

The last quotation on the German mark is one-half a cent.

In a riot in Jerusalem five were killed and thirteen injured.

Veterans' Welfare Association.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 21, '21.

Dear Sir:—

You are respectfully requested to publish in the next issue of your esteemed paper the following news story. An effort is being made to secure the publication of this proposition in every newspaper in the State. It is very important that this be published in its entirety and we believe that the Kentucky Press will be glad to give its support to the cause of the ex-service men and women of Kentucky.

BONUS FOR KENTUCKY VETERANS.

The people of Kentucky are beginning to realize that this State has done practically nothing to show that she recognizes that her sons and daughters lately went forth into the greatest and bloodiest war of History. She has even forgotten to remember by any memorial or mark her honored dead.

Few Kentuckians know what other countries and states have done for their veterans of the World War. Shall Kentucky do less or fail to recognize the services of her valiant sons and noble daughters? The State of North Dakota has provided the sum of \$25.00 per service month; Michigan, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Minnesota and Wisconsin, \$15.00 per service month; New Jersey, New York, Missouri and Vermont \$10.00 per service month; Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island and New Hampshire the sum of \$100.00 as Adjusted Compensation for their ex-service men and women of the World War, and the States of California, Colorado, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Tennessee have Adjusted Compensation measures pending at the present time, add war ridden devastated France has paid Adjusted Compensation up to \$233.58; Great Britain has paid Adjusted Compensation up to \$149.94, and Canada has paid Adjusted Compensation up to \$600.00. This country has paid General Pershing his bonus in the pay and allowances of General and she has paid her Civil Service employees a bonus of \$240.00 per year, but thus far she has nothing to offer to the men and women who defended her with their lives,

(Kentucky veterans should also be compensated for the economic losses they suffered while in the military service of their country.)

Veterans of several counties assembled at Lexington, October 18th and formed a permanent State organization and adopted a constitution and by-laws under the name of "Veterans' Welfare Association." It is intended to organize units of this Association in every city and county in Kentucky and all ex-service men and women, and their families are eligible for membership. There are no dues and no salaried officers.

The object of the organization is to first secure a bonus from the Kentucky legislature for Veterans of the World War and to secure the enactment of Civil Service Preference Acts in the State and counties and cities and to generally provide for the welfare of veterans of all U. S. wars. The States that have granted preference to ex-service men in Civil Service: California



You'll get somewhere with a pipe and P. A.!

Start fresh all over again at the beginning! Get a pipe!—and forget every smoke experience you ever had that spilled the beans! For a jimmy pipe, packed brimful with Prince Albert, will trim any degree of smokejoy you ever registered! It's a revelation!

Put a pin in here! Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process. So, just pass up any old idea you may have stored away that you can't smoke a pipe! We tell you that you can—and just have the time of your life on every fire-up—if you play Prince Albert for packing!

What P. A. hands you in a pipe it will duplicate in a home-made cigarette! Gee—but you'll have a lot of fun rolling 'em with Prince Albert; and, it's a cinch because P. A. is crimp cut and stays put!

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.



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For Torpid Liver

"Black-Draught is, in my opinion, the best liver medicine on the market," states Mrs. R. H. Whiteside, of Keota, Okla. She continues: "I had a pain in my chest after eating—tight, uncomfortable feeling—and this was very disagreeable and brought on headache. I was constipated and knew it was indigestion and inactive liver. I began the use of Black-Draught, night and morning, and it sure is splendid and certainly gives relief."

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

For over seventy years this purely vegetable preparation has been found beneficial by thousands of persons suffering from effects of a torpid, or slow-acting liver. Indigestion, biliousness, colic, coated tongue, dizziness, constipation, bitter taste, sleeplessness, lack of energy, pain in back, puffiness under the eyes—any or all of these symptoms often indicate that there is something the matter with your liver. You can't be too careful about the medicine you take. Be sure that the name, "Thedford's Black-Draught," is on the package. At all druggists.

Accept Only the Genuine.

Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin.

The time for action is short.



SAPOLIO

Finds countless uses in the kitchen. It cleans cutlery, kettles, tins, porcelain, china, earthenware, linoleum, oil-cloth, refrigerators, tile, marble, shelves and floors. See that the name SAPOLIO is on every package.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO. Sole Manufacturers New York U. S. A.

MAKES POTS AND PANS LOOK LIKE NEW

The organization must be expanded rapidly. The Veterans' Welfare Association has no salaried organizers and must depend wholly upon the unpaid effort of Kentucky veterans. Those eligible for membership are urged to call a mass meetings in their city, form organization and ask for charters, and to do their bit for their buddies and themselves.

Every ex-service man and women and members of their families who favor Kentucky paying a bonus shall send their names and addresses to R. E. L. Murphy, State President, Veterans' Welfare Association, Lexington, Kentucky; or Taylor N. House, Corresponding Secretary Veterans' Welfare Association Lexington, Kentucky.

Signed: Veterans' Welfare Association, By Taylor N. House, Corresponding Secretary.

"Not Equal to Their Task"

Less than half of the members of the State Legislature throughout the United States have had complete common school education, declared Prof. Allen Johnson, of Yale University, before the school of citizenship of the Connecticut League of Women Voters. "Studies of State Legislature," he said, "show that

L. H. Jones
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a
School of Medicine given Disease
Diseases Animals
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William and Mary

Compare the Furniture Value Every New Edison is a Period Cabinet

When your phonograph is not playing, it's a piece of furniture. If you and your family have "thousand dollar" tastes in furniture, you have still another reason for choosing the New Edison.

The accepted masterpieces of furniture were created during the 16th and 17th Centuries, by Chippendale, Sheraton, the Brothers Adam, etc.

People today pay thousands of dollars for replicas and adaptations of these fine old designs.

Mr. Edison has taken the "thousand dollar" period designs, and made them into cabinets for his remarkable New Edison. No matter which New Edison you buy, you become the envied owner of a genuine piece of period furniture.

Before you buy elsewhere, come in and compare.

The NEW EDISON

See the authentic English, French and Italian designs, you can get in a New Edison—and compare!

Hear the marvelous RE-CREATIONS of music which the New Edison brings you—and compare! (Remember, only the New Edison RE-CREATES music so perfectly that the reproduced music sustains the test of direct comparison with living artists).

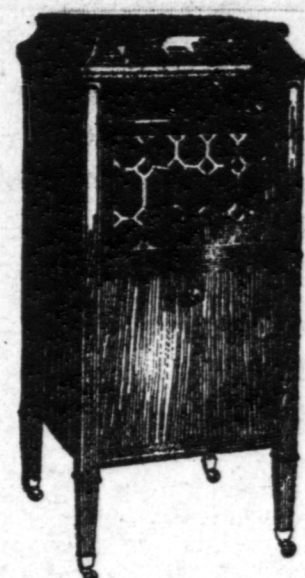
Then, figure the price,—and compare!

For \$_____ (write in your own first payment) you can have your New Edison delivered to your Christmas tree. Pay us no more till next year,—then budget the balance according to your convenience.

This is an actual Christmas offer!—to you! The only condition is that your initial deposit be sufficient to indicate good faith. So don't hesitate! Come in,—see and hear the New Edison.

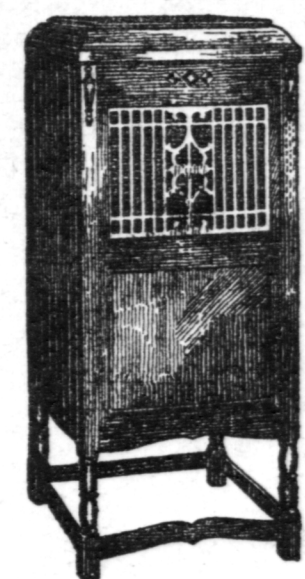
HERBERT TAYLOR

COLUMBIA, KY.



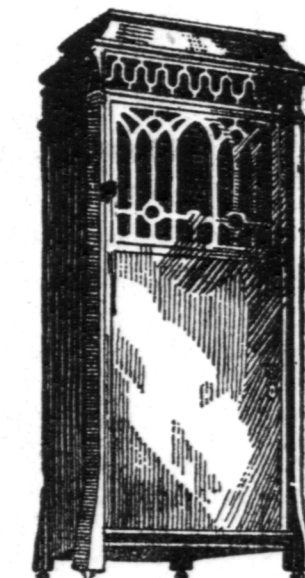
This Exquisite Sheraton
embodies the graceful, tapering legs, and grille typical of Sheraton. (This model can also be obtained with inlay, for which Sheraton is famous.) It will be delivered to your Christmas Tree for

\$_____ (Fill in your own first payment)



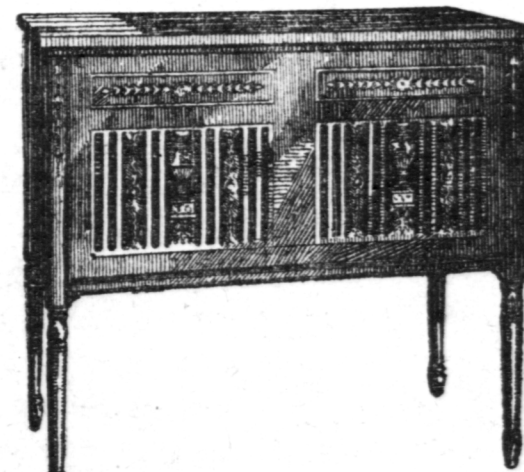
This Authentic Jacobean
has the simply turned legs and flat stretchers of the period. It reveals the classic spirit in its curved molded top, and ebony and holly marquetry. It will be delivered to your Christmas Tree for

\$_____ (Fill in your own first payment)



The Graceful Chippendale
This cabinet reflects the Chippendale characteristic; namely, the accomplishment of massive design without sacrifice of grace and beauty. It will be delivered to your Christmas Tree for

\$_____ (Fill in your own first payment)



The Dainty Hand-Painted Adam
has decorations of Greek and Roman vases, acanthus leaves, and Wedgwood ovals. It has the slender, delicate simplicity of the Adam styles. It will be delivered to your Christmas Tree for

\$_____ (Fill in your own first payment)

How for

\$

Fill in your own first payment

—any of these authentic period cabinets will be delivered to your Christmas Tree. Just call, or mail the coupon. You should know the full details of our unusual Christmas Deposit Plan. Act today.

Mail this coupon today!

Dear Sirs: Please send me full details of your Christmas Budget Plan.

NAME

ADDRESS

vation, analysis and dissemination.

No public man is ever so perfect but what the editor can unearth glaring flaws that puts him out of the running.

This the editor can do or not, as he desires.

On the other hand, every public official possesses certain admirable traits of which the public knows but little. If the press keeps these things to the fore it is only a matter of time when the official becomes what is known as a "made man."

Fortunately most editors are rather human. They know the weakness of public men, but they do not expect perfection in any one. They are content to give a fellow a fair show, and if he makes reasonably good they boost him along. If not, they generally permit him to gracefully retire at the end of his term, unless his acts are such as to warrant condemnation and exposure.

It is not the will of the editor alone that decides these things. It is the fact that the editor places his information before the people and they render their own judgment.

It is in this way that the press makes and unmakes men.

But it does it, just the same.—Lancaster Record.

Girl Kidnapped

Railton, a village in the southern part of this county, is greatly excited over the kidnapping of a little 12 year-old girl who was adopted from the Kentucky Orphans' Home by Mrs. Nellie Hunt. From the best information it seems that some time Monday two men, two women and a small girl drove up to the Railton school and took the child in the car and left going toward Glasgow. No one seems to have ever seen the people before and their names are unknown. One of the men was dressed in a soldier's uniform and seemed to be crippled as he was carrying crutches.

It is claimed that one of the women was the aunt of the kidnapped girl, while the other two were sisters. Where they went is a mystery. Efforts are being made to locate the parties and there is considerable excitement over the matter.—Glasgow Republican.

Dad.

He may wear a last year's straw hat, his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose, and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second day's growth, and the in dinner-bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't call him "the o'd man." He's your father.

For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother.

He is "some" man, and not "the old man." If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some, boy.—The Silent Partner.

Newspapers Make Men.

Many people imagine that the prominence of great men is due entirely to their own genius. But it is not so. In this age the most brilliant

of men would be practically unknown except for the work of the press in following their careers step by step and reporting them to the country at large. Newspapers have been known to pick up men of just ordinary

intelligence and make them governors, or place them in other offices of honor and responsibility. They are commonly known as favorites of the newspaper. More often it is simply because they are willing to allow the pa-

per to dictate certain policies and appointments. But few men ever succeed in getting the public office against the hostility of their party press. The press makes or unmakes them when it so desires.

It is not that the editor is a man of such superior intelligence that he towers above the rest of mankind. Far from it. We of the fraternity claim to be no more than ordinary humans who are trained in the arts of obser-

vation, analysis and dissemination.

Deadliest Disease.

Cancer is the greatest ally of death. One woman in nine and one man in thirteen dies with cancer.

Five other diseases have heavier death tolls. The reason medical men consider cancer the deadliest disease is because science knows next to nothing about it.

Progress is slow, though Dr. Franz Kopsch, German scientist, recently has made startling discoveries which, he claims, prove that cancer is transmitted from the larvae of the earth carried by angle worms.

This may prove to be a red letter discovery, but development toward a cure or preventive is bound to be slow.

Meantime we must increase our vigilance.

Cancer is with us all the time, eating steadily into the human race, as it eats steadily into the individual.

Dr. William T. Mayo calls it "the arch enemy of middle life and beyond."

Mr. White's Defeat

A good day's work was done by the Democratic National Committee at St. Louis when it displaced George H. White, of Ohio, with Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, as its Chairman.

The essentially gratifying feature connected with Mr. Hull's administration of the office is that he will not use it for the benefit of any of the candidates for President in 1924, whereas Mr. White was the personal choice of Gov. Cox for Chairman last year, and would have made the National Committee, insofar as he could, an annex to the Cox campaign three years hence.

The Ohio man, hearing mutterings of disapproval of his course, was obstreperous at first, declaring that he would not resign until some "satisfactory" man could be agreed upon as his successor. But he faced a fighter in Carter Glass, and upon a show of strength the Virginian mustered 60 votes, or considerably over half of the National Committee. Perhaps it was then that the "satisfactory" man appeared to Mr. White.

It is significant that, according to the newspaper despatches, Mr. White's chief backers for re-election were George E. Brennan, the successor to Roger Sullivan as Democratic boss in Illinois, and Judge E. H. Moore, the liquor attorney who managed Gov. Cox's pre-convention campaign. It is well that their trusteeship over the Democratic National Committee is ended. They should never again be put in a position of power.

The party owes a distinct debt to Mr. Glass for leading the fight on Mr. White. The Virginia Senator was conspicuous in the House as a co-author of the Federal Reserve act. He made an able Secretary of the Treasury, and his record in the Senate has been excellent.—E-Town News.

It is estimated that last month 1,000,000 idle people were put to work.

During the year 1920 there were 28 deaths in Louisville from automobiles, and 85 in Kentucky.

Ozark.

Wheat sowing is over in this part and corn gathering is now on.

Mr. W. G. Roy, who has been confined several weeks with a broken limb, is doing nicely. He can walk about some with the aid of crutches.

Ralph, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Reynolds, was in a serious condition last Sunday afternoon, caused by sucking a chesnut hull into his throat. But after what seemed a long time to the anxious parents the hull was dislodged, and the little fellow was all right.

Mr. W. C. Combest, Russell Springs, came down a few days ago and conveyed his two little boys home. They had been living with their grand-parents nearly two years. They are bright industrious little boys and will be greatly missed by their grand-parents.

Mr. Elmore Bryant, this place, recieved a letter stating that his brother-in-law.

Mr. Walker Bryant, of Sellersburg Ind., lost his barn by fire last Monday morning. All his farming tools a lot of corn and hay were consumed also.

Mrs. F. P. Bryant, who has been an invalid for several years and is now blind visited at the home of her brother, Mr. Henry Bryant, a few days ago.

Mr. B. B. Montgomery has been on a trip to Lincoln county.

Brother Burdette preached his first sermon at Clear Spring the fourth Sunday in October. He made a pleasant impression on his hearers.

Mr. Everett Montgomery, Jopla, visited his aunt, Mrs. Dollie Blakey and Mr. Blakey, of Craycraft, last Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Montgomery visited relatives in Columbia last Saturday night.

Miss Rosa B. White, one of our most industrious girls, is attending school in Columbia.

Miss Letha Huff was the guest of Miss Lula Bryant.

Mrs. N. M. Ellis and Mr. N. P. Bryant were guests of Mr. Kent Bryant one day last week.

Mr. Omra Webb, wife and children, of Campbellsville, visited Mrs. Webb's old home Craycraft last week. They also visited at the home of Mr. B. O. Hurt, and spent one day at Mr. Solomon McKinley's.

Esto.

Health of this community is very good at this writing.

U. C. Sanders will soon have his residence complete.

Alfred Collins is building a nice bungalow which he will soon have complete. We will be glad to have Mr. Collins and his family settle with us.

G. T. Eastman and son made a business trip to Columbia Saturday.

Charlie Aaron and Alfred Collins made a business trip to Clinton Friday.

Mrs. Eliza Fox remains about the same.

School at this place is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Elizabeth Carter.

Several of our eighth grade pupils are attending the graded school at Russell Springs.

Rev. Shoeler delivered an in-

teresting sermon at Mt. Pleasant Sunday, he being the pastor of Mt. Pleasant for the next year.

A series of meetings are being held at Oak Grove.

The young folks of this place are attending a protracted meeting at Jamestown.

On Nov. 5, the neighbors and friends of Mr. J. H. Sanders gathered at his home here and surprised him with a dinner it being his eighty-first birthday. There were 62 guests at dinner and several called in the afternoon. Uncle Jack received several presents and seemed to enjoy the day. The premium given by Mrs. Blanch Sanders and Mrs. Eliza Chapman for the prettiest cake was won by Mrs. Maud Oaks. Everybody seemed to enjoy the day and returned home with satisfied appetites wishing Uncle Jack many more happy birthdays.

Glensfork.

The health of this community is very good at present.

Most of the farmers are very busy gathering corn.

On Sunday Oct. 30th, the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Sarah P. Abrel, gathered at her home near the noon hour with well filled baskets to celebrate her 73rd birthday by giving her a surprise birthday dinner. The choicest of edibles were spread upon the table. Everyone seemed to enjoy the day, especially Mrs. Abel who wishes to express her heart felt thanks and appreciations to those who remembered her on that day. The afternoon was spent in music and social conversation there being 73 present. May she live to see many more such days is the wish of her friends.

Mrs. Annie B. Brockman was shopping in Columbia last week.

Mr. Finis Thomas left last Thursday for Va.

Mrs. Myrtie Helm and little son, Billie, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willis Loy, last Saturday night and Sunday.

The party at Mr. Frank Taylor last Saturday night was largely attended and all reported a pleasant time.

Mr. Lee Burbridge and family who have been a resident of this place for some time, have moved to his property near here. Mr. Ernest Thomas and family will move to the property vacated by Mr. Burbridge.

Mrs. Minnie Tucker bought of Ed Gifford a small farm near here last week.

Mr. Homer Ballinger and family have moved to their property at this place.

Cumberland County Oil Notes.

By S. A. Cary.

Mr. J. B. Pierce, Oil Operator, of Elizabethtown, Ky., was in Cumberland county recently, together with Mr. Ed Roydure, one of his associates, looking over their holdings and mapping out the work they expect to start on the development of their holdings.

Much of the credit of the present oil work of Cumberland County is due to the efforts of Mr. Pierce, and instead of his having sold out he has only taken in with him some of the best oil operators of the United States; men who know the operating game from all angles and

GREAT WORK OF U. S. REMOUNT STATION

Accomplishing Much to Build Unexcelled Line of Cavalry Horses Invaluable to Army.

The World War was the great caldron in which birth was given to many organizations looking to the leadership of America in every path of economic activity; and no such activity bearing on the future of one of our most vital essentials compares with that of the American Remount Association, an organization composed of some of the country's leading men. It came into being as a result of the dire necessity of more and better blooded horses for the United States Army. Thus, with kindred organizations, it is promoting one of the most important undertakings looking toward our future security.

The object of the Remount Association is the improvement of general-purpose horse conditions in every State in the Union; and because of the importance of the work entailed, Col. F. S. Armstrong, of the United States Army, has been placed in charge, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., where his department is in close touch with every other governmental agency. The Remount Association, with the co-operation of others similarly engaged, has, during the eighteen months of its existence, succeeded in getting one hundred and sixty-four stallions—eighty-five of which were donated by patriotic organizations and individuals—for distribution throughout the country, to be utilized by farmers desirous of raising the standard of their horses.

In laying out the work, it was decided to profit by the experience of foreign governments and locate thoroughbred sires in every grazing community of the country. The whole was divided into zones, and a plan of breeding, to the interest of the farmers of America, inaugurated. Recent reports from the Association's headquarters in Washington show that there has been an average of fifty-five mares for each stallion, although the breeding season is not yet concluded. Also, at a meeting of the Association, it was shown that there was a demand for some seven hundred horses last Spring, and that, for the coming Spring, this demand will be doubled or even trebled.

Both the race courses and the thoroughbred nurseries constantly are being drawn upon for horses of proven courage in the acid test of racing. It remains for them to produce the only type that measures up to the standard destined to supply the United States cavalry remounts worthy of the men in the service.

It may be added that, owing to the broad plan of fostering the industry of horse breeding as practiced for generations by the British, French and Italian Governments, these countries were in the enviable position of ability to supply their armies with good mounts, whereas, America, which had never introduced such a system was obliged to draw upon the resources of the allied nations to horse her men

men who are able to build both pipe line and refinery equal to the anticipated big production of Cumberland County. Though comparatively a young man, Mr. Pierce has been active in the oil business for years and his standing is best noted by the fact that the big oil producers are willing to follow his lead and advice and back him with unlimited finances. Mr. Pierce predicts that Cumberland county within two years will be leading all other sections of the State in oil production.

The oil found in Cumberland County is of a superior grade and working conditions and land titles so far ahead of other sections where oil is found, he says, which will be attractive to operators.

The McClintock Oil Syndicate, of which Mr. Pierce is a member, say that by laying a pipe line to Somerset, on the Southern Ry., and building a refinery there, the Cumberland County production will be classed with Pennsylvania grade crude which is now selling at \$4.00 per barrel, against \$2.65 the present price of Somerset light.

It takes such men as Pierce to develop an oil field. He has the ability, push and confidence of the real financiers. He is one of the greatest organizers of the State and his judgment as well as his foresight has proven him a man of real conceptive ability.

Despite reports of his illness, former President Wilson was able to attend a matinee this week.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.



Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Touring Car
\$355 F. O. B. Detroit

Go In Comfort

GO at your pleasure—go where you choose and when you choose, with your family or your friends. Enjoy the boundless beauties of nature, the pure air, a lunch in a shady wood, a fishing excursion, a rest by a cool lake or stream.

You can in a Ford. Millions have learned by experience that to own and operate a Ford is not an extravagance; they have learned that the many pleasures derived from a Ford takes the place of other pleasures, and the saving thus made often pays for the car and its maintenance.

Let's talk this matter over. Get the facts and figures.

THE BUCHANAN-LYON CO
INCORPORATED
Columbia, - Kentucky.

Mr. Frank Burton and Mr. T. R. Smith were re-elected members of the School Board.

Former Vice-President Thomas Marshall is picked by some politicians as the Democratic leader in 1924.

"Bo" McMillin, star of the Centre football team, is to be married to a Texas girl.

Wheat dropped to a dollar a bushel in Chicago for the first time in five years.

Frank Francis was given five years in Louisville last week for forgery.

Two more state banks closed in Minnesota last week.

Used 40 Years

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Sold Everywhere

"Big Tim" Murphy, union leader, was found guilty in Chicago of plotting the big mail robbery at Dearborn Station.

Hobson Montgomery, a young man, was burned to death when he attempted to put out a fire in a department store at Ripley, Mason county.

The News \$1.50 in Ky,

KENTUCKY FARMERS REAP RICH HARVEST.

Revenue from Breeding Thoroughbred Horses Only Profit to Be Depended Upon.

Sale of Blooded Colts Produces Money When Other Products Bring Loss.

The Kentucky farmer has lost money on his wheat and corn; he is forced to ship his cattle and hogs to a losing and constantly falling market; and his losses on his tobacco have nearly driven him into bankruptcy. The calamities of a troubled world are placed upon his back, already bent double by its burdens.

Under these untoward conditions, the one fortunate exception among farmers is the stock raiser who owns one or more thoroughbred mares. He always finds a nation-wide demand for his thoroughbred foals. The weanling at its mother's side frequently brings him \$500 to \$1,000, while the yearling will sell for from \$1,500 to \$10,000; a colt from a Jefferson county farm having brought, at one of the recent Saratoga sales \$25,000.

Year in and year out, the Kentucky thoroughbred finds a ready market: buyers from all over the world coming to this State to secure material to improve the horses of their respective countries or localities. Owner Riddle refused \$500,000 for Man-O-War, a horse bred by Mr. August Belmont in Old Kentucky. A wonder horse is Man-O-War. A smasher of all records and victor over all opponents that made some of the most brilliant of turf history, he has been returned to his native hearth, there to perpetuate his great qualities. Last month, Man-O-War's full brother, Playfellow, by name, was sold for \$115,000; and not long ago, John E. Madden refused \$125,000 for a half interest in the Kentucky-bred stallion, Friar Rock, now in the stud at Hamburg Place, near Lexington.

Numerous other thoroughbred stallions and mares of nearly, if not quite, priceless value are owned in the State. Wheat, corn and tobacco are often crop failures, and cattle and hogs are frequently raised at a loss. But the thoroughbred has a great permanent value, for nowhere else in this country is he brought to such perfection as in Kentucky, and his fame and the demand for him are world-wide.

In Indiana 25,000 coal miners have gone out on a strike.

Pennsylvania and Ohio coal miners are threatening to strike.